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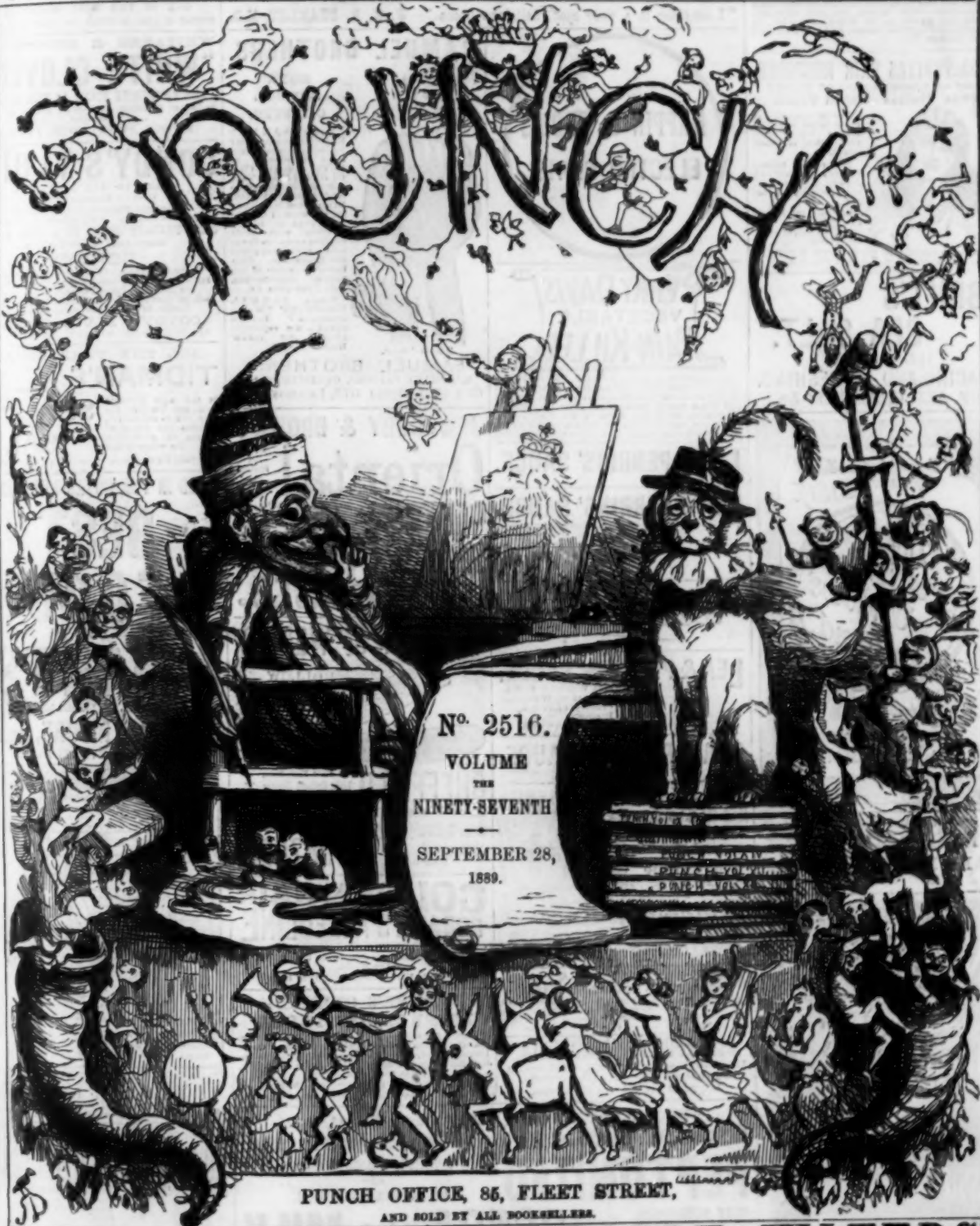
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UNFILED: OR. THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

IV.

"THE British Matron is a solid fact,"  
Remarked my guide.  
"Behold her in the act of culture!"—  
Of modish Maiden-  
I saw a spacious woman, high-nosed, red,  
With swelling port, keen glance, and grizzled head,  
Much like a well-fed vulture.  
"An eye like Mars," full-orbed and militant,  
A surging bust whose every creak and pant  
Spoke of fierce ire—and fashion.  
Its laces stirred, its jewels shook and gleamed,  
A broad much millinered burlesque she seemed  
Of Juno in a passion.



That boudoir virginal, secluded, sweet,  
Was storm-tost by the dame's indignant heat,  
Like some shy bower of roses  
Smitten by tropic tempest. "Such fine wrath,"

I murmured, "might have marked the plainward path  
Of idol-hating Moses."

"Nay," laughed my guide, "the truth you hit but half.

'Tis not the worship of the Golden Calf  
Rouses her righteous anger.  
'Tis that her daughter there has dared incline  
At other than a fitly gilded shrine.

Hark to her tongue's hot clangour!"  
The girl's flushed face before the torrent bows  
Half frightened, half resentful. Vulgar  
"rows"

Do shame the secret places  
Of Caste and Culture. Billingsgate might own  
That rage-flushed countenance, that strident tone,  
Those furious grimaces.

"How dare you—minx?"—Yes, she has dared deride  
The brainless boy who sought her as his bride,  
To share his couch and carriage,  
His million and his mortal dulness. Fool!  
Rebellious to the Matron's golden rule,  
The true morale of marriage.

"Now see her lover! He's a Hercules,  
And that's his Omphale. Upon his knees,  
He, the much-lauded hero  
Of many a football scrimmage! At her side,  
The green-room Circe, e'en athletic pride  
Sinks suddenly to zero.

"The muscle-mania, the fierce rage to race,  
Hit hard, kick high, pull fast, 'put on the pace,'  
Fires the sole modern zealot  
A superfine Society tolerates;  
Other enthusiasts it scorns and hates  
As Sparta did her helot.

"This youth holds many 'records,' he is reckoned  
To have 'cut' LONSHANKS' best by half a second;  
His 'pots' are almost numberless.

And this plump siren puts his pleadings by  
With banter cool, yet holds him with an eye  
Whose greed is keen and slumberless.

"What marvel that our Matron waxes grim?"  
This harpy from the slums get hold of him  
And his ancestral acres,  
When her girl's hook was fairly in his gills?  
The thought might shake with fury's murderous thrills  
The souls of saints or quakers.

"Which lure will win young Hercules at last,  
The fascinations of the frankly 'fast'  
Or sordidly seductive?

Time," said my guide, "must answer. But between  
Bohemia's triumph and Belgravia's spleen  
The contrast is instructive.

"London's Stymphalian Birds may vary much  
In plumage, but in greed and power of clutch  
May not our scheming mother  
Match the stage-harpy? Brazen beak and claw  
Are recognised by mode, allowed by law  
In her, and many another.

"Has the poor girl a favoured lover?"  
Look!  
A bottle of 'the Boy,' a Betting Book,  
A scurril Sporting Paper,—  
Those are the things, with fiction fresh from France,  
O'er which our modern 'Hero of Romance'  
Consumes the midnight taper.

"His 'midnight taper' is a Silber lamp.  
The 'hero' is a handsome, heartless scamp.  
Love-musing? No such matter!  
A sonnet to his lady's eyebrow? Nay,  
'I take no stock in rhyme-rot anyway,'  
He'd say in Pubdom's patter.

"The Jews are at his heels. Play and the Turf  
Scarcely buoy this struggler in the troubled  
Of impecuniosity.  
How should a modish, thriftless thrall of debt  
Harbour unselfish love, or soft regret,  
Or manly generosity?

"They are not solid assets. Sentiment  
Won't pay the hawking Hebrew cent. per cent.,  
And so the lad is thinking  
Of 'little FLAVIA's very obvious mash,'  
And what it may prove worth in ready cash.  
See, with a hand unshrinking,  
"He pens, no sickly sonnet, but a shrewd  
Well-polished scoundrel-plea, which, bare and crude,  
Would stagger the most simple;  
But over whose false gush and verbal grace  
To-morrow 'little FLAVIA's' tear-stained face  
Will sweetly flush and dimple.  
"Four views of Marriage! Circe in her lair  
The Matron keen, the callow Millionnaire,  
The Detrimental daring,  
So wide opposed, are yet at heart the same,  
Fierce followers of Society's favourite game;  
Love-chase?—nay, Lucre-snaring!"

TAKEN AS RED.

RED-HAIRED people, stigmatised by the vituperative vulgar as "Carrots," "Ginger," and "Mahogany-tops," have, it would appear, at last found their champion. "Somebody," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "has compiled a philosophy of red-haired women." According to this philosophy, they are "almost invariably neater, quicker, brighter, and cleverer, than their Sisters; they are buoyant in spirit; they nearly always have a turn for rhyming and versification; and they are excellent mathematicians." Here is comfort—nay, triumph—for the long-reviled Rufuses! The only drawback—if we except that "turn for versification"—seems to be a tendency to "temper." Well, well; occasional fits of tantrums and verse-turning (was SILAS WEGG a red-poll?) may surely be excused in a neat, quick, bright, buoyant, clever ready-reckoner of either sex. To parody the balladist of "*Ballahooley*," we may say:—

When the kindly hand of fate  
Made the red-haired quick and "nate,"  
It added one ingredient that could injure;  
And as it seems quite clear  
Ginger's temper may be queer,  
"There must have been some stings in the ginger!"

WORTH SEEKING.—Our Flat at the Strand Theatre is very amusing. Nothing flat about it except the title. EDWIN capital. Mr. FAWCETT, very good. The part of the heroine, which was always bright and clever, is now really WHITTY.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF

"THE ENGLISH EDUCATIONAL CRISIS."



OR—

TOMMY GOES BACK TO SCHOOL.

## BANGING "INTO THE BROWN."

"It is only to the moderate men of the Gladstonian Party that I venture to appeal."—*Mr. Chamberlain, at Huddersfield.*



THERE was a little Brum, and he had a little gun,  
And its pellets they were made of party lead—lead,  
And he popped into a "pit,"  
And he thought he'd try to hit  
A driven covey flying over-head—head—head.

This clever little Brum thought them looking rather glum—  
These birds who had been very sharply driven—driven—driven;  
Rather heavy on the wing,—  
Clever "driving" is a thing  
That to all (political) sportsmen is not given—given—given.

ECCLESIASTICAL FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

(Suggestions for a further development.)



MRS. BUMBLE,  
ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.



MISS THURIFERA,  
FOR RITUALISTIC CHURCH.



MRS. PROUDIE  
OF BARCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



PERCENTORERS, MUS. DOG,  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"It is intended on Sunday week (Michaelmas Day) to introduce a surplised choir into the Church of All Hallows, Lombard Street. The ladies are to be placed near the choir, probably in the front seats of the church. The Sunday services are to be shortened and remodelled."—*Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 19.

And this sportsman in the pit, said, "If I but wait a bit,  
I fancy that those birds will fly my way—way—way;  
Though, of course, they didn't ought,  
At least, so it may be thought,  
By that Grand Old Driver. Wonder what he'll say—say—say.  
"He will say, I greatly fear, that I have no business here;  
But of course that's big bow-wow, and tommy rot—rot—rot.  
I am here,—f'y suis, f'y reste,  
And I'm going to do my best  
At GLADDY'S birds to get a passing shot—shot—shot.  
"Their flight's all wiggle-waggle; some appear inclined to straggle;  
By Jingo, if I blaze 'into the brown—brown—brown,'  
Though it seem a longish shot,  
I shall give it to them hot,  
And I fancy I shall bring some of 'em down—down—down!"  
[Left taking aim.

A MATTER OF CORSET.—A medical speaker at the British Association at Newcastle thundered against belts worn by ladies, and declared they should be pulled off and burned. Oh, yes! who's to do it? It would be easier to "go for" a "Belted Earl" than to attack a Belted Countess, or any other belted lady. In fact, if a Belted Earl tried it, he would probably be instantly qualified to appear as "the Spotted Nobleman," to the tune of "O What a Surprise!" Quite right, my anti-tight-belter, but who is to belt the cat?

Mem. by a Man in the Street.  
It often happens that the idle oaf  
Clamours most loudly for the Industrial Ophir;  
And that the fiercest friend of the "Big Loaf"  
Is the big loafer.

SCARCELY INTENDED.—A letter to the *Times*, signed by an old supporter of Italian Unity, alluding to the political support given by Mr. JAMES STANSFELD to Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, says, "I think if MAZZINI could know of the present doings of Mr. STANSFELD, he would verily turn in his grave." But isn't that exactly what Messrs. STANSFELD and O'BRIEN would like him to do in, or out of, his grave, i.e., "turn"—and join the party of Messrs. S. and O'B.?

NEW SECRET SOCIETY.—"I'm a G. T.," observed an acquaintance, by way of reply to an invitation to stay awhile and take a "modest quencher." "Indeed!" said his hospitable companion, "does a 'G. T.' mean a 'Good Templar'?" "No," returned the first, "it's 'Good Tippler,'—opposition Society. Let's drink its health."

THE PITY OF IT!—When Workmen "strike," the blow falls heaviest on the Women and Children.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT does Mr. B. L. FARJEON mean by not finishing his latest Novel, *A Young Girl's Life*? There's life in the young girl yet, and at the end of the Third Volume she is actually beginning her career. He has given us only passages in her young life. He lets his bad characters go scathless in the most merciful manner. What has come to him? Where is his sense of poetic justice? Let him give us Volume IV, to inform us: First, what becomes of *Mad Maxwell*? Secondly, how the good peasant *Wolf* was ever repaid for the task he undertook; for he was promised by the heroine sufficient money to enable him and his wife to live happily in the plains, which sum the heroine, being ruined, never gave him.

Thirdly, how was Mr. Bathgate punished? Fourthly, who were Mrs. Price and Mrs. Borwick (a name suggestive of the Baking Powder) and what became of them after they left the room? Did Mr. FARJEON originally intend to make any further use of these two ladies? And why, after introducing a *Valentine Vox* sort of man, did the author suddenly become chary about employing his marvellous ventriloquial powers? Sixthly, what did he originally intend to do with the trap-door in the ceiling, and the boxes up in the loft? Mr. FARJEON kept me up, long after my regular bed-time, reading his new Novel, which, having once commenced it, I could not put down; and I demand satisfaction at his hands on these principal points, which seem to me to be the basis of a continuation of this Novel. *En attendant*, I recommend it to my readers generally, though not so warmly as I have recommended others of Mr. FARJEON's.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

The Sex's Answer to Mrs. Stopes.

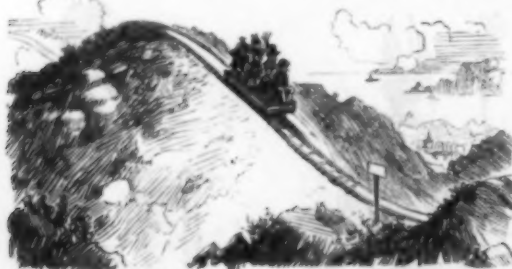
I sits with my waist in a vice,  
And if any one axes me "Why?"  
I says, "Tisn't graceful or nice;  
It's the Milliner makes me!" says I.

"THE ROYAL OAK."—We've not yet seen the piece, but the only thing against the title is that the 'busses which go to "The Royal Oak" will take the unwary passenger to Baywater instead of Drury Lane. If a success, DRURIOLANUS, HAMILTON, and HENRY NEVILLE will not be all "Up a tree" with CHARLES THE SECOND.



## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

*Honeymooners—Photographers—The Torre's Trouble—An Interview—Discussion—Explanation—Dissatisfaction.*



How to Utilise the Switchback for Travelling in North Devon.

ILFRACOMBE is remarkable chiefly for honeymooners and photographers. "Wherever I go," cries Miss BRONDESLY, hysterically, "I come upon them. Ah!" she shrieks, suddenly, and jumps back quickly, as if she had trodden on a blackbeetle, or something was jumping out at her.

"What is it?" asks the Poet and Philosopher, in a breath.

Whereat, by way of answer, she only explodes in giggles, puts her sunshade at an angle of 35° to the tip of her nose, as if to hide some dreadful object from her gaze, and looking towards us over her shoulder, she turns the corner of the walk, continuing her ascent; and then we, following her, come upon an EDWIN and ANGELINA seated happily on a bench, not taking the slightest notice of us, or even of Miss JENNIE BRONDESLY, or apparently thinking of anyone except themselves, as, indeed, why on earth should they?

It's the same everywhere, just like walking in the labyrinthine passages of a Grand Hotel, and stumbling over the boots and shoes in pairs at every door.

EDWIN with ANGELINA "all over the shop," as HARRY SKRYM-MAGER expresses it. Here they are trudging, sitting, skipping, jumping, lying, sitting under trees, behind furze-bushes, all among the bracken, beneath fungus-like sunshades, or recumbent under a broad spreading umbrella-tree.

Photographers pop out on you from all corners. Very annoying for EDWIN and ANGELINA. The lonely tourist walking along the road is perpetually being stopped by the photographic brigands, and politely requested not to move for a second; and before he knows where he is, he is taken, negatively, as part of the landscape, and imprisoned in the camera.

Of all the walks the coast road to Lee is out-and-out the grandest, simplest, easiest, prettiest, and, if you can avoid the Torre's Estate, the cheapest. If you can't avoid the Torre's Estate, you'll have to



The Progress of Poetry and Philosophy barred by Ignorant Obstacity.

pay a penny, but it is well worth the outlay in order to cut off a bit of the inland road, and so reach the coast path sooner.

Our Mr. Cook says that the town Authorities would do well to find a remedy for this vexatious charge of a penny levied on the unsuspecting pedestrian, who, having arrived at what really is the end of the Torre's Walks, seeing a clear way which involves a slight scramble, not by any means so difficult as is presented by many a

regular gap in a hedge, or by any rustic stile on a path where there is an undoubted right of way, climbs the bank, surveys with his eager eye the coast road to Lee within a stone's throw of him, and, charmed by the tempting prospect, starts to pursue the distinctly defined path, when he is stopped by a labouring man, who, in the name of his employer, the tenant of this part of the Torre's Estate, demands a toll of one penny.

"But," objects the Philosopher, who with his book under his arm, his papers and proofs all about him, his pencils sticking out of his waistcoat, and accompanied by the Poet, presents the spectacle of a literary mountaineer on his way to the heights of imagination, "we have already paid a penny each to enter the Torre's Walks."

This statement I corroborate from the path below, as I have not intended to accompany them in their further walk.

"Yew're out o' the Torre's Walks now," says the rustic guardian, whom BULWER might have called 'the dweller on the threshold,' replying to the philosophic objection: "and yew'll have to pay."

"But we have paid," protests the Poet, resenting this interference with the liberty of the subject.

"These Gentlemen have paid," I call out from below.

"What ha' yew to do wi' it?" the man shouts back at me. Then turning to the Poet and the Philosopher, he says doggedly, "Yew tu ain't paid me."

"But, my good man," argues the Philosopher, in as placid a manner as if he were a Counsel engaged in the driest Chancery suit,



The Puzzled Torre-ist.

"when we entered at the lodge-gate the old lady"—this he puts most politely, under the impression that perhaps she may be some relation to this rural collector of tolls, "told us that we could get by this way on to the Lee coast road."

"I ain't got nothing to do with the old woman at the gate yander," returns the man, somewhat rudely. "She makes her money, and we makes ourn. And yew've got to pay."

"Here is a footpath, there is a stile, and a footpath beyond," the Philosopher says, pointing them out as if he were illustrating a lecture by means of a diagram, "and surely, my good man, this constitutes a right of way."

"I ain't here to argufy," replies the man, roughly.

"But you're here to listen to reason," returns the Philosopher, with some warmth.

"Yew're here a trespassing, that's what yew are, and, if yew were a gentleman, yew'd pay," and as the man raises his voice, his tone becomes unpleasantly menacing.

"Trespassing be —!" shouts the Philosopher, suddenly flaring up, and throwing wisdom to the winds.

"I ain't a going to be sworn at," says the man, preparing for some sort of action.

"I did not swear at you," the Professor explains, cooling down as suddenly as he had flared up.

"Yew did," returns the man doggedly.

"I beg your pardon," says the Philosopher with extraordinary politeness—"I did nothing of the sort."

At this juncture the Poet produces twopence, and, with the courtesy that must necessarily have characterised the action of the Good Samaritan when, according to the accepted English version, he produced the same amount, addressing the man, says,—

"Here is the twopence. We pay under protest."

"I shall write to the papers on the subject," observes the Philosopher, preparing to take a note. "This ought to be settled."

"Ah!" says the man, as he gives a receipt for the money. He carries tickets in a bag, which I had not noticed before, and is

apparently entirely mollified at having gained his point and his peace—"I've heard that said over and over again, but no one does it," and the Philosopher and the Poet having proceeded on their way, he is retiring chuckling to the hiding-place from which, like a spider, he lies in wait for the venturesome flies who cross the border, when COPLEY MARKHAM suddenly appears on the scene. "This wouldn't have happened abroad," he says. I am of the contrary opinion.

"I don't understand," calls out COPLEY MARKHAM, arresting the man's attention, "what right your master has to charge for persons going on to the Lee coast road."

"Never yew mind as to right," replies the custodian, looking down superciliously on this new character in the *dramatis persone*. Then he adds, in a sulky tone, "I don't want to talk to such as yew."

"But explain it," calls out COPLEY, as the man is walking away.

"I don't want to talk to such as yew," the man repeats, wagging his head, and waving his hand as if he were putting COPLEY MARKHAM aside.

"You can give a civil answer," I suggest, in a tone of pleasant remonstrance.

"I don't want to talk to such as yew," he replies, sweeping both of us away with the same action of his left hand.

"I only want to know," COPLEY persists.

But the man having got hold of a good useful repartee, repeats it, as if it were the burden of a song, as he walks slowly away, occasionally turning his head towards us as if he suspected that we should take advantage of his retreating to clamber up and dodge him somehow. But we merely bid him, cheerfully, "Good-bye," to which however, he replies with the telling refrain, "I don't want to talk to such as yew," and so he slouches off, pausing now and then to cast a glance towards us. Then he disappears, and we see him no more.

As we sit down to enjoy our evening-pipe and penn'orth of sunset, a stranger politely addresses us. He says, "I heard some part of your altercation with that man. It is a most annoying state of affairs. The fact is, you see, The Torre's Estate Company lets a portion of the property, the Walks, to the people at the Lodge, who make what they can out of the tolls, and the other portion to a tradesman, who makes what he can out of the fact that you can get a short cut over his ground to the coast road to Lee, and to the Torre's Walks as well. Directly you leave the Torre's Walks you are on his property, and, *vice versa*. If you pay a penny to go on his land, and thence on to the Torre's Walks, you have to pay another penny when you come off the Torre's Walks, and go out by the Lodge. You'll excuse me, Gentlemen, but I thought you'd like to know."

I thank him for the information, which I believe is the correct explanation of a system that takes tourists by surprise, and annoys them considerably. But admission to the Torre's Walks is well worth a penny or even twopence, as they are, on the whole, unequalled by anything about Ilfracombe, except the first part of the coast pathway, not the road, to Lee.

"Those who don't care about going with us on excursions," Our Own Mr. COOK observes, "can always take their exercise on the Torre's Walks." *Les absents ont toujours torts.*

### À LAGUERRE COMME À LAGUERRE.

"The electoral manoeuvres of our adversaries have assumed the proportions of a veritable conspiracy against Universal Suffrage."—*M. Laguerre (Boulangist).*

WHETHER the alty Reactionary scheme,  
Or whether—Red and Rad—the rowdy rough rage,  
Their rival advocates appeal, 'twould seem  
To the great fetish, Universal Suffrage!  
But whether they would choke or whether coax it,  
One aim they have in common—'tis to hoax it!

SUGAR AND LEAD.—In a trenchantly-written and clever letter to the *Times*, THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES, late of *Vanity Fair*, writes from aboard the yacht *Nereid*, "Let any enemy have the longest gun and the most universal of conscriptions; give me the power of running his sugar up to seven shillings per pound, and I will undertake to bring him to terms." All very well, if loaded or directed by a bad marksman, but one straight shot from the long gun would dispose of T. G. B. before he had time to use this mighty power.

SECOND TITLE.—"British Association," or Society for providing Middle-aged Gentlemen with a scientific excuse for a pleasant outing.

PRACTICAL LIBERAL UNIONISTS.—Working-men who contributed to the Strike Fund.

### ANTICIPATIONS OF THE LYCEUM REVIVAL.



Henry Irving doing the Landry Business.

Catherine Duval.

Abbé Latour Kiffel.

### GOOD-BYE, SUMMER!

SUMMER's nearly over,  
Corn has followed clover,  
Nuts and apples reign;  
Snapt their slender mooring,  
Leaves would go a touring—  
Freedom brief and vain;  
They are fain to follow  
The sun-seeking swallow.  
Yet the glass is rising  
To a height surprising,  
And, to sweet surmising,  
June is here again.  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, slowly  
Knelling from the foliage,  
Runs in fancy's head;  
Suns again for fun set,  
And dawn follows sunset  
Ere we go to bed,  
And daisies in mazes, [spread,  
Where the haze is lifted,

Yet this sweet September,  
Like a county Member,  
Showers its gifts around;  
Trees with gold are tipped,  
And the most insipid  
Tracts of fallow ground  
With a sober splendour,  
Gossamer'd and tender,  
By its grace are crown'd.  
Fuller flows the river,  
Like a wayward giver  
Who has stinted long;  
Broad, and deep, and stately,  
It assists us greatly,  
Though for up-stream towers,  
Or more hardy rowers,  
Just a trifle strong.

Ours no luncheon hasty—  
Here's a goodly pasty,  
And for liquor tasty  
Ale of temper'd power;  
Cool it in the water  
For about a quarter  
Of a sunny hour.  
Fish are flashing silvery;  
Who would care to kill very  
Many roach or perch?  
They are blithe and merry—  
Come, a glass of sherry,  
For the corkscrew search;

While the great swans gobble,  
What we throw with wobble,  
And with lazy lurch.

There is MABEL standing  
At the rustic landing  
With an air commanding,  
Which her curls would check;  
Like a boy heroic  
On a burning deck.  
Kisses anemoic  
Play about her neck;  
She could make a stoic  
Gambol at her beck.  
Like a brown and pleasant  
Chirpy kind of bird;  
Ornamental peasant,  
Queen of creams and curd;  
When another's present,  
How I loathe the third.

Now, all slights forgiven,  
By the sunlight shriven,  
Laugh the happy fields.  
Past the rain and raw gust  
Of deceitful August,  
Earth her late love yields;  
And the cars flash, dripping,  
As the boat goes slipping  
Through the liquid bars;  
While serenely gracious  
Heaven's hollow spacious  
Fills with quiet stars.  
Soon will storms come hurling  
Down the sullen reach,  
And the waters curling,  
Sudden lessons teach  
In the art of "feather"  
During stormy weather;  
Yet one more fine jewel  
In our life is set,  
Ere the Winter cruel  
Brings its grog and gruel,  
Fogs and wind and wet.

While our bliss we're vaunt-  
ing,  
Something still is wanting,  
Something—never mind,  
What the gods have given  
Never can be riven—  
Heaven still is kind.



## THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

SCENE—A small Dance in Hovshire.

Dorothy, 'I'M AFRAID I MUSTN'T GIVE YOU ANOTHER DANCE MR. JOLLIBOYS, YOU SEE I'M A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE!'

## CHEZ MADAME TUSSAUD.

"He (General BOULANGER) has discovered the value of the zero in political combinations; he is the cipher before which every man hopes to put a numeral of his own choosing, to make it count his own way."—*Daily News*

*Famous Old Lady, loquitor:—*

WHERE shall you put him? Well, upon my word,  
Even I am rather puzzled how to place him;  
Whether to front him with the Great Absurd,  
Or have the Small Sublime to back and face him.  
Yet, goodness knows, I have all sorts of "heroes,"  
From the great Corsican to—Shallaballah,  
Captains and Charlatans, Noodles and Noros,  
In my Valhalla.

My hospitable halls of waxy fame  
Are open usually to Everybody  
Who is Somebody, and has made a name  
Either as Monarch, Murderer, Sage or Noddy.  
Particularly any personage

Who makes what now is called a "Great Sensation."  
*Argal* in those same halls he should engage  
A front location.

Yes, for this Man o' Wax I must make room;  
"He's quite a Circumstance," as Yankee Doodle  
Would say. No blinking the "Boulanger Boom."  
Whether as lion or as shaven poodle,  
He's made himself conspicuous in a way;  
So may a Circus Clown or pseudo-Cæsar  
But where to put the gentleman to-day,  
Why, that's a teaser.

**FRENCH PROBLEM.**—What does "Re-vision" mean? Second sight? or Look again before taking a leap? The ultimate benefits of the movement being doubtful, those who adopt the cry should be known as The Re-visionary Party.

## SOUND DOCTRINE FOR DOCK DIRECTORS.

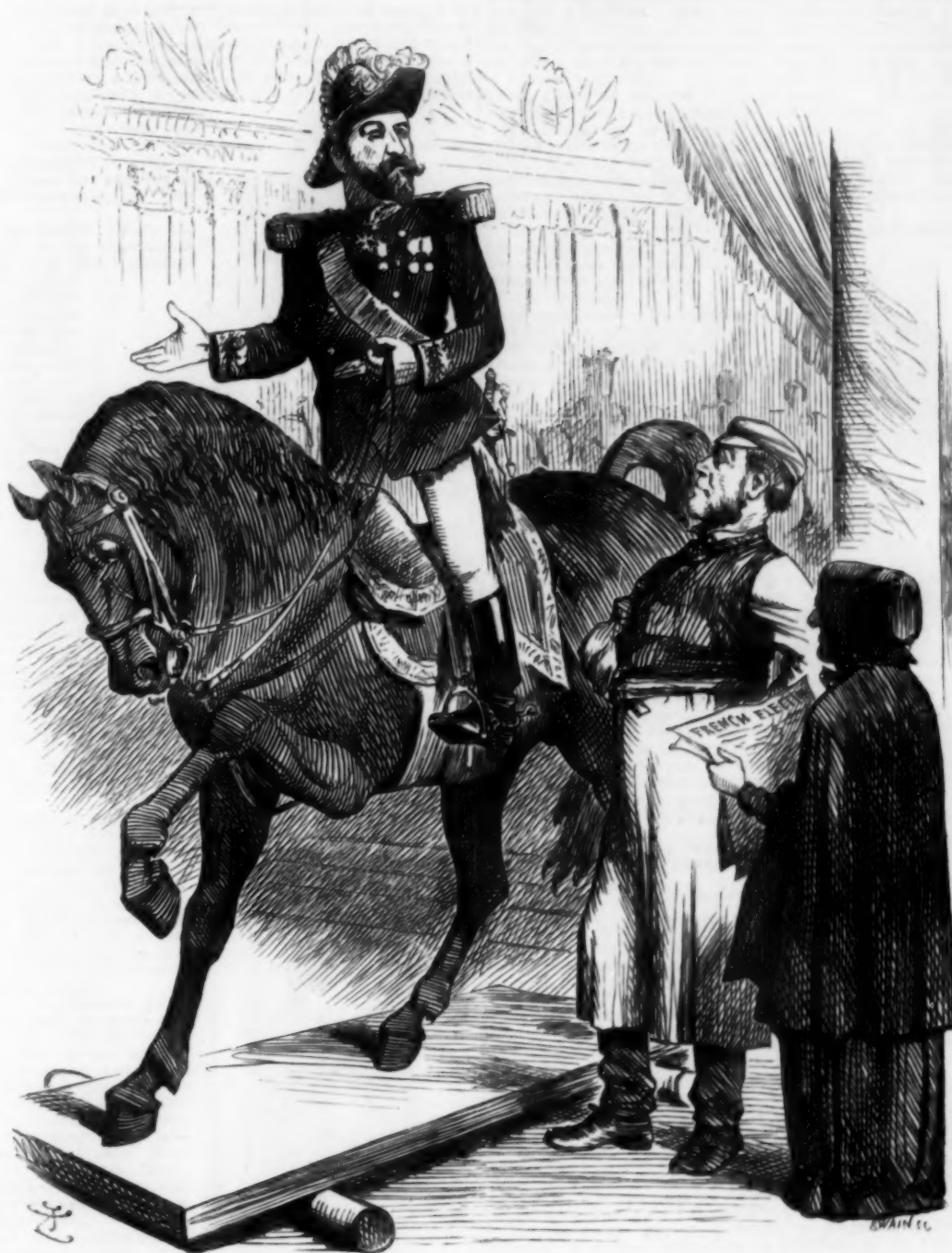
LABOUR and Capital have been at grips,  
And from their strife this moral disengages:—  
That Capital may thrive through docking ships,  
Labour's not bound to starve through docking wages.

**PUZZLE-HEADED.**—Startlingly interesting are the headings in the daily papers, as they ought to be, if they're to attract attention. Here's one from the *D. T.*—"A Crown Living in Chester." Whose crown? Where's the rest of the body? Is it the "Talking Head"? Or is it a living that can be got for five shillings? If so, what a rush there must have been for it! Then, in the *Times*—"The Missing Canon." What was the aim? Why did the Canon miss? Did the Canon go off of his own accord? Did he go off with his Bishop's charge?

**AN OLD FORM OF CONSUMPTION.**—In the interesting summary of the Colonial Office Reports for 1888, given by the *Times* last Friday, it appears that Lord KNUTSFORD laments the prevalence of illness in the protected Malay States, and, among other diseases, mentions "Beri-beri." His Lordship should remember that we have the same thing here, only we spell it with two *e's*, and print *y* instead of an *i*. Its cure has been attempted by early closing, and total abstinence from malt liquor. For another view of the hardships entailed on certain public characters by these modes of treatment, consult *Bass's Straits' Times*.

**A LEAF FROM PRO-FANE HISTORY.**—SIR SPENCER PONSONBY FANE laid the foundation stone of the Pavilion at Lord's last week. He made an excellent and a most hearty speech, forgetting, however, to commence it with the quotation from the old song, "I, FANE, would tell thee all I feel." As a thorough cricketer, there never was anything *faintant* about him, and, in the hearts of all Members of the House (and Grounds) of Lord's, the memory of this FANE will always be enshrined.





## CHEZ MADAME TUSSAUD.

HEAD-CARPENTER. "WHERE'S HE TO BE PUT NOW, MA'AM?"



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## A MAN'S SHADOW CAST IN THE HAYMARKET.

WITH *The Lyons Mail* still fresh in the playgoer's memory, with *Proof*, the English version of *Une Cause Célèbre*, now being played at the Princess's, it was an uncommonly plucky thing of author and actor to bring out a piece the interest of which is centred in the facial resemblance between a good and a bad man, and where one of the most touching situations is the evidence of a child against its father who is accused of murder. But their courage is rewarded, and *A Man's Shadow*, as Mr. BUCHANAN's adaptation of *Roger la Honte* is called, has achieved an undoubted success at the Haymarket.

The examination before the Magistrate in the *Courrier de Lyon*, is, in *A Man's Shadow*, developed into a criminal trial in a French court; in the *Courrier*, the father recognises in the man who shoots him his own son, and has to give evidence against him; in *A Man's Shadow* it is the wife, who, with her child, recognises her husband as the murderer; and it is the child on whose evidence, as in *Proof*, so much depends. It is a wise child that knows its own father, and little *Suzanne*—admirably played by Miss MINNIE TERRY—being mistaken in identifying her parent, cannot be set down as an infant of phenomenal intelligence.

Mr. TREE handles the good *Lucien* and the wicked *Loversan* with delicate tact, and very nearly succeeds in suppressing his habitual mannerisms. His attempt at altering his voice is evidently an effort. His make-up in both characters so disguises his personal identity, that the audience do not immediately recognise him in either part. The difficulty is in mistaking T'other for Which.

The sensational story is clear, and deeply interesting; the plot is dramatic and well constructed; and the acting throughout of everybody, without exception, is far above the average. There is not one part weakly played. Mr. TREE has cast his Shadow very strongly.

The sensational scene of the murder is, as a "set," a very poor Punch-and-Judy affair. The office of Mr. Allen, the judicious representative of the respectable but unfortunate victim, is supposed to be on the other side of the court-yard, yet apparently it is only a continuation of *Lucien's* room.

If the front part of the scene had been set lower down, and a strong light thrown on the back portion, I fancy the desired effect of distance would have been obtained.

Miss JULIA NEILSON looks very handsome, and shows decided talent. When the imitative phase of her artistic career has passed away, she ought to have a very satisfactory, if not a great, future before her. Now and again she reminds me of an actress she has never seen, I mean, Miss WOOLGAR (Mrs. MELLON), when, some thirty-five years ago, she played the sympathetic heroine of Adelphi drama.

Mrs. TREE is quietly plaintive as wife and mother. It is a thankless part, as it does not carry with it the sympathy of the audience. The exigencies of the play compel her to be reticent just exactly when in real life she would have spoken out.

Mr. KEMBLE as *M. le Président* of the Court is excellent. The manner and matter of the speech of the Advocate-General is a model of forensic eloquence and official impartiality. It is done capitally



"And is Old Double dead?"



Little Girl (Terry) shed at seeing her Awful Dad knocking a naughty Man on the head. "Oh, Ma, there's Pa!"

by TAPPING (any relation to the Woodpecker who was always "tapping" on "the hollow beech-tree," not the BERKHOFF TREE?), and deserves clapping, at the risk of being committed for contempt. And here, I may say, that I cannot recall any English play, in which all the principal *dramatis personæ* being modern Frenchmen and women, our English actors have so completely concealed their own nationality, and where they have enacted French character with less exaggeration of manner or costume. At what Theatre in Paris, I should like to know, would the converse of this be possible? Fancy the French stage-representation of an English Court of Justice!

Mr. FERNANDEZ, as *Raymond de Noireville*, has one big chance, and the result is just what would be expected of so experienced an actor. It is a powerful situation rendered with great discretion; meritoriously under-played rather than over-played. His death-sufferings remind me of somebody's burlesqued title of the very old melodrama, *Raymond and Agnès*!

The undisputed success of *A Man's Shadow* is due to the excellence of the *ensemble*, in which the French authors and their English collaborateur are included. But, after all said and done, with whom are the sympathies of the audience? Not with the unfortunate *Maitre FERNANDEZ*, though he dies in discharge of his duty, and is subsequently appealed to by Monsieur LUCIEN TREE to look down from the sky-borders, and form a new opinion of the entire case; not with Madame TREE, who is silent when she ought to have spoken, and who seems to be so unkind to her poor husband; certainly not with the child, who learns to tell a lie, and repeats it by heart as easily as she has recited her birthday speech; no, with none of these, but, partly, with *Lucien*,—after the Second Act, not before, as he is irritatingly weak through two Acts,—and to a far greater extent, with the handsome *Julie*, of whom everyone wants to see something more, who turns out so well as to leave a sort of uneasy feeling in the mind of the audience that, if everyone had had their rights, *Henriette* ought to have taken the opportunity of departing this life during the trial scene in the Third Act,—when her little daughter informed the Court that her mother, being in a dying state, sent her compliments, and was very sorry she couldn't accept *M. le Président's* kind invitation,—and so have permitted the real lovers, *Lucien* and *Julie*, to be united at last. Indisputably the audience are left under the impression, conveyed in the First Act and strengthened in the Third, that these two do still care for one another, and that the legitimate wife, *Henriette*, is rather in the way. It is too late to alter this now, but perhaps in a year's time, when Mrs. TREE may want to leave earlier in the evening, my suggestion might be adopted, and this alteration made.

In the meantime the Pop'lar TREES are flourishing in the Haymarket, and *A Man's Shadow* will add substantially to the Treecury of the Theatre.



Awful effect of a Sudden Shock on the visual Organs of Maitre Fernandez. A little Doty about the P's.

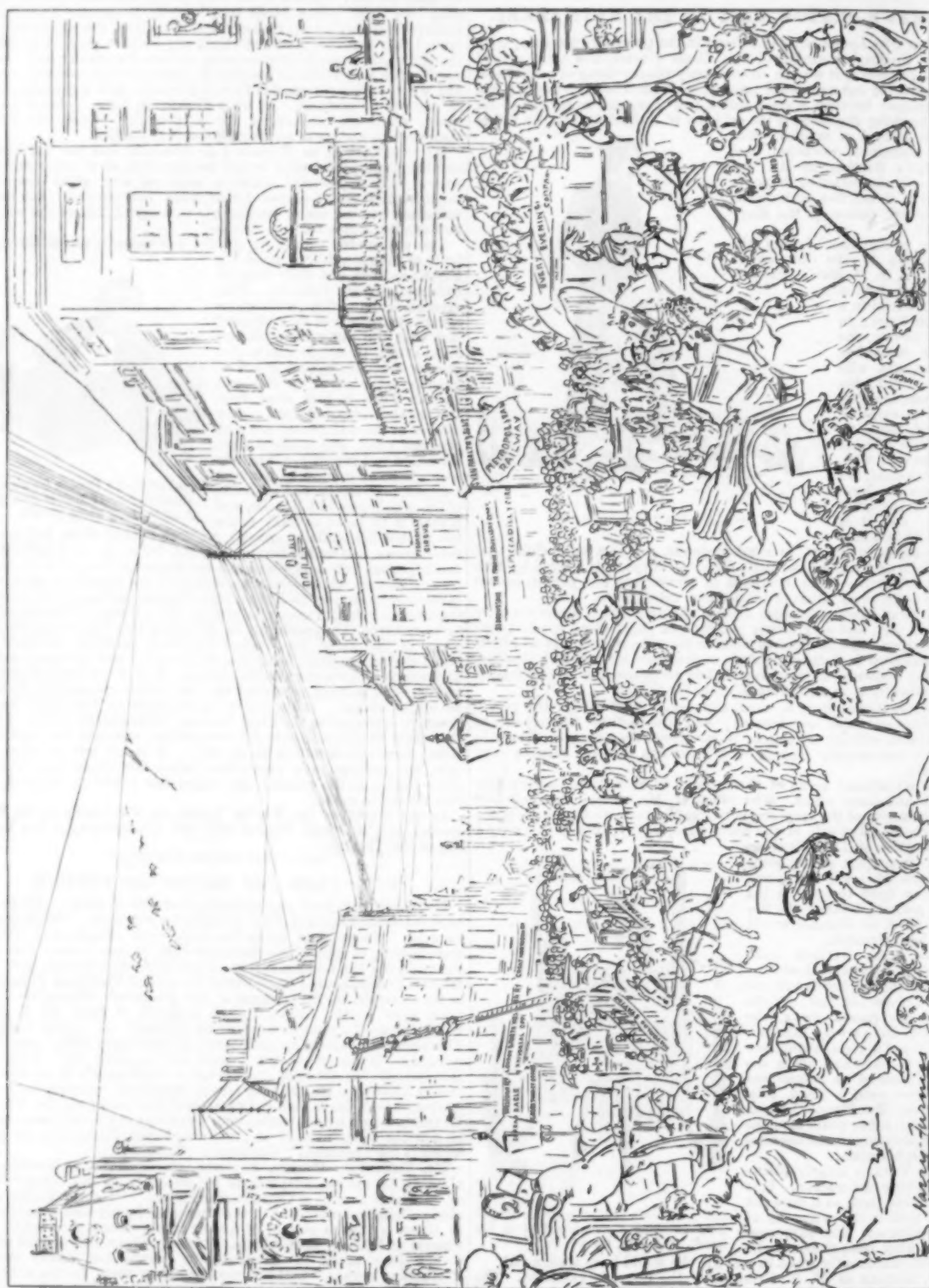
## NOTES FROM THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

MR. GARDINER, most appropriately, lectured on plants. He gave a most interesting account of the struggle for existence. "In all cases," he said, "the weakest go to the wall,—and consequently become wall-flowers, of which fine specimens may be seen in most drawing-rooms during the London Season. Some of Mr. GARDINER's facts will interest Entertainers, Proprietors of Shows and Theatrical Managers, as for example, in the instance of the *Hodgsonia Heteroclita* (they must have foreign names, though probably at home she is plain Hodgson) an "extraordinary Indian climber" of "great beauty." This acrobatic entertainment "opens for one night only," and then collapses. Managers should beware of engaging her. Then the *Amorphophallus Titanum*, "although it takes months to develop"—just as AUGUSTUS HARRIS may occupy months in bringing out a new pantomime—"Opens only one night, and then only for a few hours." As this is a rule without exception, DRURIOPLANUS must beware when he sees the advertisement of *Amorphophallus Titanum* in the *Era*, which is the Theatrical "Gardener's Chronicle."

Mr. GARDINER touches, however, on dramatic authorship, in alluding to various adaptations by members of the *Cucurbitaceæ* or Cucumber family of Cucumbers and Cucumber Place. Ill-natured critics are always delighted when one of the Cucumber family adapts anything, as there is then a chance of giving him a dressing, in which the vinegar and pepper predominate. Professor GARDINER has not much to say about music in discoursing on plants, but briefly notices "climbing organs," without recommending them for use either in orchestras or Churches. Altogether most interesting, and we congratulate the head GARDINER on his lecture.



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 82.



LONDON EMPTY. No. 4.—WEST.

## THE KING IN THE PALACE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On Thursday, innocently sauntering in the rain to the Crystal Palace to gaze with languid rapture at the damp fireworks, I was overjoyed to learn that *King John* was going to be played there with an "exceptional cast." And certainly the palate-tickling announcement was borne out to the full by the appearance of clever little Miss NORREYS as a neat *Prince Arthur*, bright Miss AMY ROSKILL as a pleasing and inoffensive *Queen Constance*, and ever-welcome Mr. H. KEMBLE as (so it seemed to me) a rather waggish *Pope's Legate*. I was somewhat startled, on referring to the programme, to find Mr. BREERBOHM TREE in the title rôle; but remembering, that this excellent actor tried his *Falstaff* upon the favoured inhabitants of Sydenham before bringing it up to town, my astonishment soon gave place to satisfaction. The Lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, I must confess, did not make very much of the mean Monarch. Perhaps the most interesting part of his performance, was his scene with *Hubert*, *à propos* of the murder of *Prince Arthur*, as it seemed to suggest that *King John*, in spite of other shortcomings, was at times not altogether devoid of a certain sort of hard grim humour—humour provocative rather of a relaxed frown than a genial smile, of a stealthy wink than a broad grin. The mounting of the play was, under the circumstances, commendable, although I am not quite sure (I have not *Pinnock's Abridgment* at hand to guide me) whether the Royal Arms of England in the twelfth century, included the harp of Ireland, and the banner of France at the same remote date bore for its device a republican eagle. However, I was delighted to make the acquaintance of *King John* with "the exceptional cast" at the Crystal Palace, as I do not think I shall have an opportunity of seeing the performance elsewhere.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, yours, sorrowfully,  
A SINCERE ADMIRER OF THE BARD.

"THE DIVINING-ROD."—"VACUUS VIATOR," who writes to the *Spectator* (dropping into poetry couldn't be avoided), will be interested to learn that Dr. BIRCH, of Swishington, has found his divining-rod of the greatest efficacy. By its means things given up as lost have been given up when found, and, on its being scientifically applied, it actually causes water to spring and flow, and this in the eyes of all the pupils. This is overpowering evidence. (Signed) AN EYE-WITNESS.



## IRRESISTIBLE.

Our Robert (on duty in the provinces, offering dish to neglected Spinster). "LITTLE DUCK!" [In such a tone of voice, that, at the risk of the sage and—she accepts!]

## ROBERT AT THE SPANNISH XIBISHUN.

I AM returned from my pervinshal inn-gagements and was a sortering about in Hoburn on the honly reel of day as we've ad the last fortnite, wen a homnibuss cum up as had got ritten on it "Spanish Xibishun," and seeing as there was jest room for one outside, I made no more ado but boldly climbed up with both hands, and had such a cumferal ride to Spain, which it's in West Kensington, as I woudn't have changed no not for a ride in the LORD MARE's own Carridge, tho' it did any cost me thrippence.

And now cums the fust staggerer, as farelly estonished me, for on entring the Xibishun there wasn't hardly nobody there, tho' I soon found more to both emuse and interest me than I coud stop too see harf of. And then to think of the dense stoopidity of mankind, aye and of womenkind too. I was at a Musiek All ony the werry night before—of coarse with a border—and there was hundreds of people all a blazing with prusperashun, in about the werry ottest place in London, a lissening to such rubbish as I wasn't able to sit and lissen to for more than a cupple of ours, while at the Spannish Xibishun I sat in the bewtiful hopen hair, with the kind sun to warm me and the cool breeze to cool me, a lissening to such bewtiful and yet such strange musiek as I never remembers to have herd afore. To be sure the people came a flocking in arterwards, and I'm told that that werry nite there was werry many thowsands there. But what I carnt understand is, why don't they cum sooner?

I fust heard a concert and a dance inside the great All, and then another concert in the bewtiful gardens, and then I went into the Theater, which was nice and cool, and there I seed such a seen, and herd such playing, and seed such dancing, as I weryly thinks as I never seed afore, and hopes to see again many a time and offen.

Fust of all, there was no less than 12 Spannish Gennelmen, all dressed in the most bewtiful welwet dresses, and welwet caps, and white feathers to match, and they were all stoddents, and all had Geetars, which they played most bewtiful, all together, and there was 2 most elegant Ladies, splendidly drest, and a young Gent, who, by his Kostoom, I take it, was a Spannish Prince, and he danced such a par cool as made me almost hot ony to look at him. Then the prin-

cipal Geetar Gent, not quite satisfide with the way the others played, began to show off, and then the 2 bewtiful Ladies both clapped both their hands, and then one of them began to dance with her ands and her harms as well as with her feet, quite wunderfol! Then the other yung lady clapped her most generously, and then sung a little French song. Then the 12 Geetar Gents all played better than ewer, and both the bewtiful ladies danced at wunce, and played the east-yer-nets, as I thinks they calls 'em, all the time, and both looking as modest as 2 Dutcheses or Marshuneses, and praps a leetel more so. If they looked so bewtiful from my 3d back seat, what must they have looked to all the Harrystocrats in their front one shilling ones!

I was much surprised to hear what werry good English the Spannish yung Ladies at the warious Stalls spoke. It was reelly amost as good as mine! I'm sorry, though, to have to say that, along with our bewtiful tung, they have also learnt our werry bad habbit of trying to gammon a posserbel customer. I soarely xpects to be bleevend when I says that a most charmin lookin Lady, at whose Stall I stopped quite permiscous like, aoshally tried her best to perswade me to buy a Rose of Jerryko, as she called it, which she sollemly assured me, with those wicked eyes of hers, would never die! Sum years after it has been gathered it will seem to die, but that's only its fun, for if you put it in water for five or six ours it will look jest as bewtiful as ever! I told her I had herd of folks being told to "Go to Jerryko," but I never new it was only to gather roses, and I did wenter to add that I didn't think as she woud find it necessary to try the xperiment on her bewtiful rosy face not for werry many years to cum. And then I thort that praps I had better go, for there's never any telling who may be looking on. But appening to turn my head, I saw her a larling away like anythink, and a pinting me out to a fare companyun.

For them as likes antiekquitys there's a bewtiful picter of a Spannish Bull Fite and a Swiss-Back Railway, while for them as prefers moddern hinvention there's the werry hidetical Cabin as Mr. COLUMBUS slep in when he dishcovered Amererrykey, and lots of other sites amost equally intresting.

Shood anybody wish to buy a Jerryko Rose, I will willingly make all necessary enquirys without not charging no commisshun. ROBERT.

## UP TO TOWN IN THE DEAD SEASON.

I HAD business in town, which I could have deferred until my too brief holiday was over. Your Artist's representation of *Empty London* determined me to come up to town. "If the East End is so crowded, the West End must be also lively," I reasoned, illogically. My business was in the City. I arrived. Yes, the City was about as animated as usual. At least, so it appeared at first to me, fresh from preternaturally quiet Sloocum-Stodgely-on-Sea. The noise and bustle, in fact, dazed me. This soon wore off. Then, becoming accustomed to the sights and sounds, I saw that even the City was not so full as usual. The crossings were not absolutely dangerous. The 'busses were not crowded and crammed. The cabs were loafing. There was about everybody an air of trying to keep up business appearances, for the sake of the traditions of the City, which did not deceive this poor pilgrim from Sloocum-Stodgely-on-Sea.

First I went to my Broker's. His office in Slothbury, E.C., is not a cheerful place at the best of times. When I entered there was a small boy at a big desk yawning at an inkstand. As he was too young to be a client, I came to the conclusion that he must be a very junior clerk. He was. What did I want? I wanted Mr. DASH, the principal. "He's away," said the small boy, drowsily; "shootin' or somethin'." Then, could I see Mr. SPLASH, his partner? No, I couldn't, as Mr. SPLASH was abroad. But I could see Mr. DOLLOP, the Managing Clerk, who had only stepped out for a minute, and in another minute would probably step in again. In the meantime, would I take a chair? It not being too early in the day to take refreshment in this shape, I accepted the youth's hospitable offer; and scarcely had I commenced *London Day by Day* in the *Daily Telegraph*, which is the exile's joy and comfort when far away from the Metropolis, than in came Mr. DOLLOP. He had just been round to "the House." Could he be of any service to me? I explained the case, but, whether it was owing to an absence of perspicuity in my narration, or to his nervousness at assuming any responsibility in the absence of his chief, I can't say, the result was that, after listening to me patiently, and after consulting three large ledgers, more, I am convinced, for the sake of doing something for the credit of the firm than for any information either of us derived from the inspection, he regretted that he personally couldn't assist me, but that, if I would write down what I had been saying, he would give it to Mr. DASH immediately on his return to business. Like a Deputation after calling on a Minister, I "thanked him, and withdrew." I fancy that, after this, the drowsy boy put up the shutters, and DOLLOP went down for an afternoon in the country. He had told me there was "absolutely nothing doing in any of the markets," and so why should he stop there and do it?

Pausing for a moment at the corner of Slothbury, it was a broiling hot day, and I began to regret having left my peaceful holiday quarters, it occurred to me that one of the partners in the banking firm which is honoured by my confidence, might assist me to solve the difficulty which had brought me to town. From Slothbury to Slumberd Street, where my bank is, is a mere step. I pushed open the double-doors, and entered PHILLER, SAXE & Co.'s Banking House.

There were the clerks, not all of them though, behind the brass-wiring, on their perches, like birds in a cage, doing their work leisurely. One of the Cashiers smiled on me with an air of surprise, and bade me good morning in a pitying sort of tone. Evidently I came down several steps of the social ladder in his estimation by being in town when I could have been, and ought to have been, in the country. Could I see Mr. PHILLER, or Mr. SAXE? No, Mr. PHILLER wouldn't be back for another month, and Mr. SAXE had only just left London. Mr. KNILL was in town, if I liked to see him. I considered for a moment. PHILLER I had known for many years; SAXE for nearly as many; but Mr. KNILL I had never seen, never spoken to, never to my knowledge corresponded with. A sudden fit of shyness overcame me, and I felt that I couldn't face Mr. KNILL, or, if I did, that I should burst into tears; for it all seemed so sad, as if everyone, on whom I had relied for assistance, had gone away and left me alone in London, like an orphan in an Adelphi melodrama. So I replied, that I didn't think I would trouble Mr. KNILL, and added, reminding myself of a modified *Toots*, that my business was "of no particular consequence," whereas the Cashier smiled in profound commiseration for my aimless existence, and again I sank lower in his estimation where "in the deepest depths, there was a deeper still," into which I went down and disappeared.

I had undertaken some commissions at home, so I determined to walk West, lunch en route at the Club, and return by Victoria, L. C. & D. Cheapside was not crowded; Fleet Street was comparatively quiet. I understood that the pavement in the Strand was up, so I went by way of the Embankment. The brown leaves were

falling from the trees (I had left everything looking beautifully green at Sloocum-Stodgely), and, in spite of the weather being at July heat, Autumn had set in. The road was under repair, as usual. The Embankment was deserted. Near Charing Cross District Station cabmen thronged about a man with a barrow, and were discussing news, and cocoa, and bread-and-butter. Several carelessly inquired if I wanted a cab? They knew beforehand what the answer would be, and had they been Latin scholars, would have prefixed "Num" to their question.

Further West. Clubs closed for repairs. Not one of the four to which I belong was open. But the Hall Porter informed me, with an official air, "the members are taken in at the Mausoleum." No. Again the shyness of desolation comes over me. I cannot face a strange Club, with strange faces, strange servants, strange rooms. I should have to give my name, be identified, and under a cloud of suspicion. No, I will go without food for a while, and get something at the Station. More and more of a desert as I go westward. I can cross from Apsley House to Grosvenor Place in perfect security, without troubling myself to look to the left or right. I do not even notice a policeman directing the traffic at the entrance of Park Lane. Perhaps there is one; if so, his office to-day is a sinecure. Blinds lowered everywhere. That dreariest of all dreary localities, Eaton Place, is drearier than ever. Not a soul. To intensify the cheerfulness, an empty hearse drives by, the coachman half asleep, smoking. It is the funeral of No Body in Town!

I have scarcely the courage to go as far as my own house. Boards up everywhere at other houses, and blinds down. Houses empty: Houses to let: Houses to be sold. A few cabs with luggage on them hurrying off to Railway Stations. Small 'bus crowded with luggage, is taking a dusty and dejected family to their London destination. They have evidently just returned. Their holiday is over. I see it on Paterfamilias's face as the bus drives by. I see it on the youngest child's face. I sigh, and drag myself along. I find myself in front of my own dwelling-place. I look up at it. Solemn. Awful. Not a sign of life. It is as if I were my own ghost, and that this mournful-looking building, with the blinds all down, is where I had lived and died only a few days ago. I cannot ring the bell—I cannot ask after myself. I could not enter that solitary desolate house, even if the caretaker, who is unacquainted with my personal appearance, would allow me to go in. There is a caretaker within, I know that much. Let her remain there, undisturbed, taking care. As for me . . . A hansom—quick!—Victoria—L. C. & D. line—and let the express bear me "The Caretaker at Home."

At Sloocum once more!—I breathe again. And another year when I have a holiday, catch me breaking in on it to go up to town in what I now know from experience to be the Dearest time of the Dead Season. My kind regards to your Artist who is drawing "Empty London." He doesn't give us the West End under this title. Perhaps, even as I am writing this to you, he is darning it, and it will appear in the same number with this letter. We shall see. In the meantime, where is he? Is he far away in some lonely spot, secluded as the one where I am now,—Sloocum-Stodgely-on-Sea?

Yours ever, PEREGRINUS CONSERVATIVUS.

[\* Yes. This week he gives his view of Piccadilly Circus.—Ed.]

## ANOTHER ANGÉLUS.

UNDER the heading "*La suite de l'affaire de l'Angélus*," the *Figaro* of Sept. 20, informs us that Madame POMMERY, of Reims, who is in her seventy-second year, having resolved that *Les Glaneuses*, one of MILLER's finest works, should not follow his *Angélus* to America, and, proverbially, one doesn't get the favour of a visit from an *Angélus* every day,—purchased it from M. BISCHOFFSHEIM for three hundred thousand francs, and has presented it to the nation. Henceforth the home of this *chef d'œuvre* will be the Louvre. The *Figaro* adds, "*Nos sincères compliments à la donatrice. Nous sommes heureux de pouvoir enregistrer cette action d'un si noble patriotisme.*" Experts in champagne praise Pommery '74 and '80, but "the generous Pommery '72" will henceforth be the most famous in the annals of Reims.

"O WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU!—They were discussing the KENDALS' American tour. "Good actor, KENDAL," said one. "His wife made him what he is," observed another. "That sounds as if Mrs. KENDAL was going to be away for some time," remarked a third. They wanted to know why. "Well," was the answer, "because, before her departure, she made her Will."

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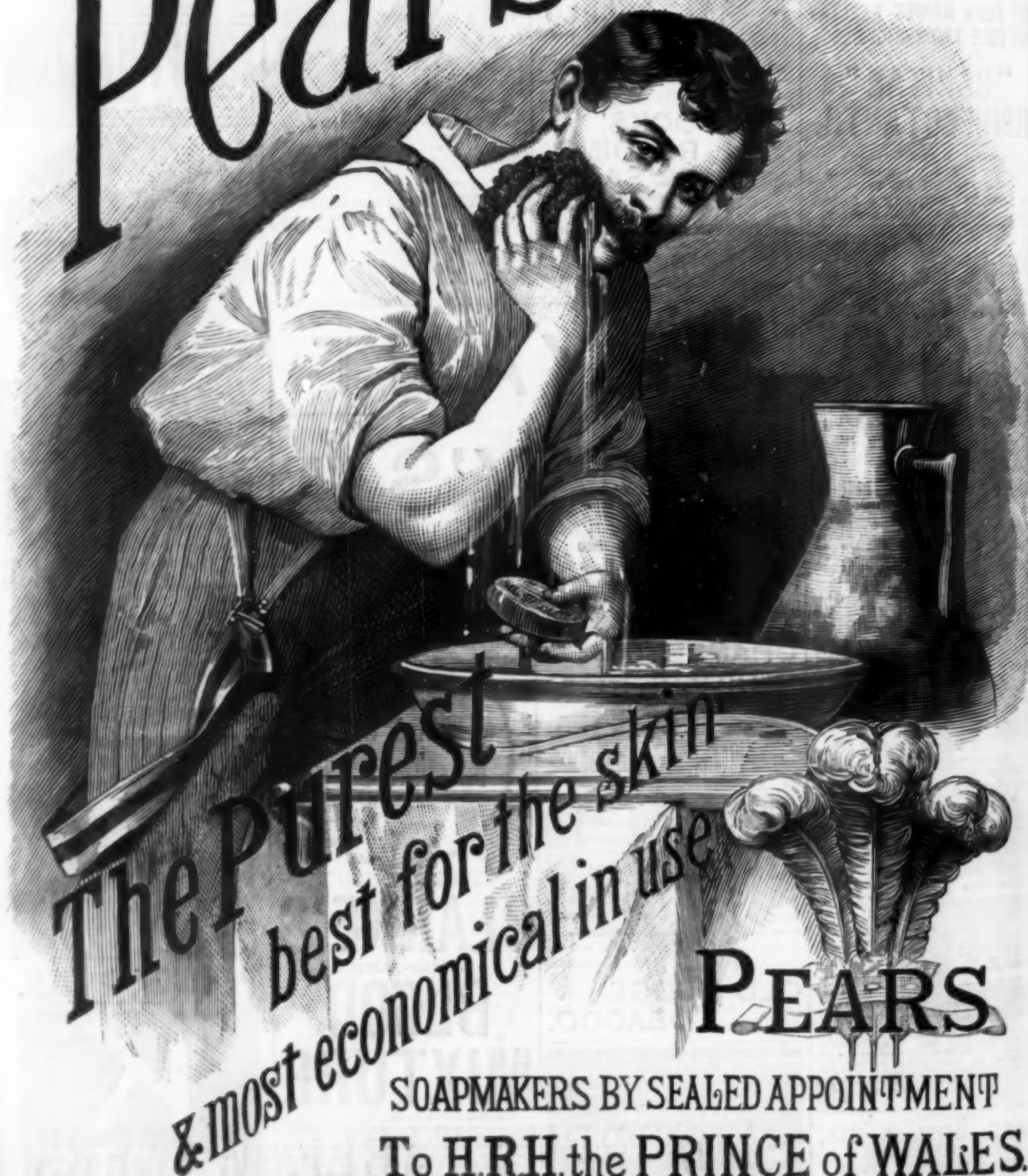
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& most economical in use*

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